

Literary & Musical MAGAZINE.

Subscriptions received at No. 272 Market-street, between Eighth and Ninth-streets, Philadelphia.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.—No. II.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Music appears to have been one of the most ancient of arts; and of all others, *Vocal Music* must undoubtedly have been the first kind, for man had not only the various tones of his own voice to make his observations on, before any other art or instrument was found out, but had the various natural strains of birds to give him occasion to improve his own voice, and the modulations it was capable of.

Music made a very considerable part of the descriptive of the ancient Pythagoreans, and was used by them to draw over the mind to laudable actions, and settle in it a passionate love of virtue. It was their doctrine that the soul consists of harmony: and therefore, by Music they pretend to revive the primitive harmony of its faculties.

There seems to have been a considerable dispute among the learned, whether the ancients or moderns best understood and practiced Music.--- Some maintain that the ancient art of Music by which such wonderful effects were performed, is quite lost; and others, that the true science of harmony is now arrived to much greater perfection than was known or practised among the ancients. This point seems no other way to be determined but by comparing the principles and practice of the one, with those of the other. It is certain that we understand the theory and principles of harmony, better than the ancients, because we know all that they knew, and have improved considerably on their foundations.

Singing is to be considered as an imitative art; its best, and indeed only standard is living examples. The style of *HANDEL'S* Songs has been handed down to us from the performers, who originally sung them under the composer's direction, in succession to those of the present day, and upon which authority not only certain vocal embellishments have been admitted and established, but even the pronunciation and emphasis.

No. 2.

It were much to be wished that a school of singing, were established, explained and illustrated by exemplifications, through a medium of a course of lectures, delivered by a professor duly qualified for such an undertaking: a scholar, musician and practical singer, who would give examples in the various style of singing, of vocal composition, of the application of rules and practices from the simple *solfeggi* of the diatonic scale to the most abstruse combination of harmony, applied to vocal effects, and which are to be found in the works of *HANDEL*, *HAYDN*, and *MOZART*, is seldom to be met with. The mere scholar, or the mere musician, are inadequate to such a task ---these qualifications must be confined---for to an orator who would recite *COLLINS' Ode* with just emphasis and true expression, the harmonic combinations, expressive of the passions in Music, would be perfectly unintelligible; and on the other hand, skilful theorists, and practical instrumental composers are to be found incapable of relishing the beauties of a simple melody, combined with the most articulate delivery. No one can teach what he himself is ignorant of---though among musicians, as it was once said of a certain painter, there are those among them who finding themselves unable to learn the art, became instructors of it.

Music and Poetry are almost inseparable--- there is a natural affinity subsisting---but as in many other alliances, a strife for mastery has weakened powers irresistible in their combination. Poetry was content to admit Music as an accompaniment, but the latter not satisfied with this, began to look upon the former as an appendage---advances, however, towards a reconciliation have gradually been made of late years, and among those who have greatly contributed to bring about "a consummation so devoutly to be wished," none are so eminently entitled to our gratitude as *Burns* and *Moore*. They have adopted with exquisite felicity, the varied characteristic airs of their country, as to make the sound an echo to

Vol. IV.

the sense. We cannot admit noticing the particular propriety of the truth of this observation in the instance of "*Eveleen's Bower*." The effect given by Mr. PHILLIPS to this ballad of Moore is very striking. This gentleman has, we believe, been greeted with a more unqualified approbation than any of his profession who have ever appeared on our boards. He sings with an accuracy that proves his science, and a taste and expression that captivates the heart; his voice is fine, though by no means perfect; but it has been so well cultivated, and is subjected to such admirable control, that its defects are forgotten in witnessing the happy skill with which it is managed. It is sweet, clear and silver-toned, but wants volume; it has undoubtedly much variety and pathos; and

"With many a winding bout,
"Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"

satisfies the expectation of the most cultivated ear, in all those songs of Moore's where the sentiment is of a sorrowful and tender kind. There is also one excellence in which we have never known Mr. PHILLIPS's equal, that is, *distinctness of utterance*. His histrionic talents hold a very respectable rank.

There are many who entertain an opinion, that the style of the present day has, critically speaking, great advantages over the style that pervaded half a century past. We have been much pleased with the old English ballad composers;—those of late years have adapted their melodies, so that the words and music falling together, *to-didem syllabis to-didem notis*, in the mouth of a good articulate singer, meets the ear with nearly the same distinctness that they would in simple recitation.

This however was not the case with the ballads or impassioned songs of the old melodist, for the syllables being extended by two or more notes gliding on the voice to each, it was rendered impossible for the most musical enunciation to deliver the words with their true accent.

An interesting suggestion to the lovers of vocal music has lately been made to the writer, on the utility of a course of musical lectures illustrated by practical examples, &c. If such a plan could be adopted, we think it would be peculiarly acceptable to the vocal amateurs of this town.—Musical lectures and essays, have usually been

confined to the theory of this pleasing science.—Practical lectures with exemplifications would meet with much encouragement, and be fully attended by our best families. The advantages and pleasure that would be derived from them, would not soon be forgotten. The want of models on which to form a style, has been severely felt, and when a good one can be found, it is eagerly sought. Whenever an accomplished European vocalist has been heard, a delight at the magic of his song has been felt, and we despair of making it our own; we have felt that we have as good, and perhaps better voices than his, but the mysterious influence of the tones, by which one's feelings are subdued, and enslaved, we have not comprehended.

A common voice may be drilled into regularity of tone and a degree of sweetness, by persevering and attentive practice, of which we have had too little, and have not well understood the necessity. Something more is wanting, of which we understand still less, it does not admit of a question, that the power of the performer, consists chiefly in accommodating the musical to the sentimental accent and emphasis. In giving the style all its varieties of light and shade with the staccatos and sostenutos, to conform and to enforce the sentiment, and in studying elocution with minute attention.

The power of elocution has always been acknowledged and admired, and in reading and speaking, where the thought is the principal, and the sound only an auxiliary power, of how much more importance must it be in Music, where the tone is every thing, and the thoughts only admitted as coadjutors to the general effect.

Superstition respecting the powers of music has been indulged to a greater excess by the inhabitants of the East than even by the credulous Greeks and Romans: they have ascribed to it the most extraordinary and wonderful powers; as an instance of which, I have selected the following anecdote, from a work entitled *Oriental Collections*.

"There is a tradition among the Hindoos, that whoever shall attempt to sing the Raug Dheepuck is to be destroyed by fire. The emperor Abker ordered Naik Gopaul, a celebrated musician, to sing that Raug: he endeavoured to excuse himself, but in vain; the emperor insisted on obedience, he therefore requested to go home and bid

farewell to his family and friends. It was winter when he returned, after an absence of six months. Before he began to sing, he placed himself in the water of the river Jumna, till it reached his neck. As soon as he had performed a strain or two, the river became gradually hot; at length it began to boil, and the agonies of the unhappy musician were nearly insupportable. Suspending for a moment the melody thus cruelly extorted, he sued for mercy from the monarch, but he sued in vain. Abker wished to prove more strongly the power of this Raug. Naik Gopaul renewed the fatal song, flames burst with violence from his body, which, though immersed in the waters of the Jumna, was consumed to ashes."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

In forming the masculine character, it is evident that the Creator intended man for dominion. The feelings of nature have followed the leadings of Providence—and in all nations, through all ages, man has governed society.—The revealed will of heaven has established this point beyond all controversy, and expressly commanded the subordination of the female world.—With this wise disposition of things, we have every reason to be satisfied. Our governors are also our protectors and benefactors. Our safety is guaranteed by their strength, while our wants are supplied by their exertions; and she who would invert the order of this system, not only betrays a pitiable ignorance of her own weakness, but a spirit of rebellion against the ordinance of heaven. Yet I am far from recommending a slavish subjection to the friend of your heart. The service you are required to render him, is rational, and ought to be voluntary.

Acquaint yourself intimately with his disposition—study his particular turn of feelings—accommodate yourself to all the peculiarities of his temper—avoid what might disgust or offend him—do not contend pertinaciously for your own opinions, if they chance to clash with his—anticipate his wishes—let love, if possible, out-run the mere letter of duty; and thus, while you are promoting his happiness, you will be securing your own—obeying your husband will be serving your God.

A great proportion of the wretchedness which

has so often embittered married life, I am persuaded, has originated in a negligence of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a sensitive plant, which will not bear even the touch of unkindness—a delicate flower, which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast; it must be watered with the showers of tender attention—expanded with the cheering glow of affection, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus matured, it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life, and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years.

HORRIBLE EXPERIMENTS.

The curiosity of man is terrible in its scrutiny. Who knows but we may yet operate upon graves and sepulchres, like the trumpet of the Archangel!

Balt. Tel.

Various Galvanic experiments were made on the body of the murderer Clydsdale, by Dr. Ure, with a voltanic battery of 270 pairs of 4 inch plates. The results were truly appalling. On moving the rod from the hip to the heel, the knee being previously bent, the leg was thrown out with such violence, as nearly to overturn one of the assistants, who in vain attempted to prevent its extension!—In the second experiment, the rod was applied to the phrenic nerve in the neck, when laborious breathing instantly commenced, the chest heaved and fell; the belly was protruded and collapsed, with the relaxing and retiring diaphragm; and it is thought, that but for the complete evacuation of the blood, pulsation might have occurred! In the third experiment, the supraorbital nerve was touched, when every muscle in the murderer's face "was thrown into fearful action." The scene was hideous—several of the spectators left the room, and one gentleman actually fainted from terror and sickness! In the fourth experiment, the transmitting of the electrical power from the spinal marrow to the ulnar nerve, at the elbow, the fingers were instantly put in motion, and the agitation of the arm was so great, that the corpse seemed to point at the different spectators, some of whom thought it had come to life! Dr. Ure appears to be of opinion, that had not incisions been made in the blood vessels of the neck, and the spinal marrow been lacerated, the criminal might have been restored to life.

Love and Music.

POETRY BY T. MOORE, ESQ.—MUSIC BY N. DE LUCE.

SUNG BY MR. GILLINGHAM.

Largo
Andante.

pia *rf* *cres* *e* *dim*

dim

I oft - en wish this languid Lyre, this warbler of my soul's desire, could

rf

raise the breath of song sublime, to men of fame in former time!

But when the soar-ing theme I try, A - long the chords my numbers die, And

cres *pia* *e* *dim*

whis - per with dis - solv - ing tone, Our sighs are given to love a - lone.

pia *mf*

for *cres* *e* *dim* *pia*

8vo

II.

Indignant at the fee - ble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell:
In all the glow of epic fire,

for To Her - cu - les I wake the Lyre!
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
The tale of Love alone is sweet.

LITERARY & MUSICAL MAGAZINE:

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 8, 1819.

The difficulty of any *assistance* in the composition of Music-types, often obliges us to strain every nerve to publish this paper with its usual regularity. To this circumstance must be attributed the unfortunate delay of this No. The editor could not possibly find any journeyman printer out of employ, who understands this branch of the business; and the whole duty has always devolved on his own individual exertions—and for one person to be compelled to compose one, and sometimes two, pages of music, regularly *every* week, and also to attend at the same time, to the various duties of the establishment as editor and printer, will certainly be acknowledged as no easy task—he therefore confidently hopes for indulgence.

HYMEN'S WEEKLY RECORDER.

MARRIED,

By the rev. D. Barth, on Saturday, the 1st inst. Mr. T. A. Fournier to Miss Adele Bouttes.

By the rev. Dr. Janeway, on the 20th April, John H. Kane, esq. to miss Jane Duval Leiper.

By the rev. I. P. Willson, on the 22d, James Patterson, esq. to miss Jane McCrea.

By the rev. Mr. Ely, same evening, mr. Abraham S. Eves, to miss Susan E. McCulloch.

By the right rev. bishop White, same evening, major Charles Gratiot to miss Ann Belin.

By Wm. Stockton, jun. esq. on the 19th, mr. Benjamin Sterling to miss Elizabeth Elkington.

By the rev. Dr. Janeway, on the 28th. mr. R. S. Hutchinson to miss Martha McCalla.

By the rev. mr. Kemper, on the 5th, mr. James L. Freer to miss Elizabeth W. Tilton.

By John Carson, esq. on the 10th, mr. John D. Campbell to mrs. Eliza Beans.

By the rev. Jacob Largelere, same evening, mr. Jonathan Shaw to miss Catherine Hageman.

By Alderman Bartram, on the 20th, mr. Edward Daniel to miss Sarah F. Richards.

By the rev. P. F. Mayer, on the 14th, mr. Joseph W. Throckmorton to miss Mary Eliza Sevier.

At Huntsville, Alabama Territory, on the 11th of March, mr. Samuel Hazard, of this city, to miss Abby C. Hetfield, of Elizabeth Town, N. J.

At New-York, on the 20th of April, his excellency De Witt Clinton to miss Catharine Jones.

TO MY BROTHER BAKERS.

MY BRETHREN—You must be very sensible, it is thought, of the great, very great prosperity, under which we are all *labouring*. You very well know what I mean—Flour at 12 dollars, with bread at the present price and size, did not afford

us so great a profit as it now does at 7 dollars. It is sincerely to be hoped, that no curious minded economist will take any notice of this fact in the newspapers; because we then should be compelled, from a glaring sense of propriety, either to make our *bread larger*, or the *price smaller*; either of which would prove a *great grievance*. A great arithmetician is to be employed, to calculate how long before all the Bakers, now in this city, will be able to ride in their *own carriages*, should our *immense profits* continue at our present rate. A number of other things were to have been suggested; but I trust, as business presses, you will excuse me this time, and proceed to *dream* on the *happy independence* which now awaits our illustrious craft. Yours, in friendship,

Bos. Intell.

BILLY BISCUIT.

A NEW FARCE.

"Those may laugh now who never laughed before!"

An extravagant young fellow was reduced to his last sixpence, in Charleston, S. C. He was a creature of infinite whim, and full of expedients, but was on the very brink of starvation.

A thought struck him. He went to a printer—stipulated with him to print some play-bills, (there was no theatre in Charleston at the time,)—promised to take the whole business upon his own shoulders—bring him off harmless—and go snacks in the profit.

The bills were printed. This night will be performed---&c. &c.---A farce in one act, called THE CAT LET OUT OF THE BAG, &c. &c.---in the usual manner of such things.

The house was crowded---nobody appeared on the stage for some time. At last a shrill whistle was heard---then a jews-harp---then a villainous three-stringed fiddle---and finally, a plain dressed, awkward looking chap, entered with a very deliberate step, having a bag thrown over his shoulders. The audience arose---all a tip-toe with expectation. He seated himself with the bag between his legs---began to untie it---held the top with his hands---the audience gathered nearer and nearer---Now! he cried, clapping his hands, S'cat! and lo! out sprung a furious *Tom Cat*, pel mel among the hats and bonnets. Such a scene of confusion! some aimed for the windows---some for the doors---some screamed---some cursed and swore---and more laughed.

At length they were calmed---but the curtain

was dropped! An epilogue was spoken: "Ladies and gentlemen," said the manager, "the farce is over—we thank you, &c. and"—He was interrupted by huzzas and hisses:—"Why what do you complain of," said he, with the most impudent composure, "is'nt this a farce—is'nt it in one act—*was'nt the cat let out of the bag.*"

The whole room was in an uproar: many were angry—but more were delighted at the fellow's impudence---and some even went so far as to call for it again. The swearers were for tearing him to pieces, but the laughers were more numerous, and carried the day.

[By our Letter-Box.]

THE UNION.

Written for and sung on St. Patrick's Day at the Erin Benevolent Society---1819. By J. K.

With the shamrock of Ireland, Columbia's laurel
Together was twined and together is seen,
While the sons of each soil in good harmony meeting,
Defend nature's sprigs and rejoice in the green.
Oh both have long struggled for Liberty's standard,
But Ireland's poor shamrock was deep dipt in blood
While Columbia's laurel triumphant was planted,
And all the attacks of the foe has withstood.

But thy laurel, Columbia, in danger was nurtur'd,
It rose from thy hills in the midst of the storm,
And on thy high mountains all danger despising,
Though blooming in snow, kept the patriot warm.
The time, Erin comes, when thy favorite shamrock,
Manured by the blood of the heroes who fell,
Superior shall rise to the force of the foemen,
While the clarion triumphant shall Liberty swell.

[By our Letter-Box.]

THE PARTING.

The sun attains his full meridian pow'r,
In yonder garden veiw the charming seen,
The aged pair conversing in the bow'r,
Mary (their lovely daughter) sits between;
But ah! how keen now blows the eastern gale,
William comes bounding o'er the spacious lawn;
"My dearest love, behold the swelling sail,
I leave my country ere to-morrow's dawn!"
"And is the cruel minute then so nigh,
That tears a husband from my constant arms?"
He wipes the trickling tear from Mary's eye,
The tear that adds to nature's perfect charms.
They pause; in silent woe their parents view
The last embrace! the tender, long adieu!

OLERON.

[By our Letter-Box.]

INVITATION TO MELISSA.

Come, dear Melissa, come! where Craia pours
Her silver urn in murm'ring lapse serene,
Near Bexley's humble fane, where ev'ry green
Shall join their foliage to refresh thy bow'rs.
Oft by the winding stream thy love shall stray,
To lure, with harmless guile, the finny race;
Oft too, at eve, the dewy meads he'll trace,
And offer, at thy board, the speckled prey.
Pity, I know, thy gentle breast will move,
For the dumb children of the teeming flood;
—But they are form'd for man's delight and good,
By Providence divine, and heav'nly love!
My angel, come! while summer cheers the plain,
And corn-flow'rs blow, and am'rous doves complain.
BENEDICT.

[By our Letter-Box.]

TO MAY.

In vain soft May, thy fragrant flowers blow;
In vain, thy feather'd minstrels pour the strain
Of praise and love,—I wretched, still remain
The child of suff'rance, and the prey of woe!
The faint Narcissus, and the musky rose,
I've often woo'd to my delighted breast;
The primrose, and the vi'let too, I chose,
And in one nosegay all their sweets compress'd.
The lark's wild hymn, the linnet's artless lay,
Oft "tun'd to extacy" my youthful heart;—
But now! — thy blossoms, and thy birds, soft May,
To this sad breast no rapture can impart!
MELISSA's frowns, thy gentle pow'r controul,
And spread the clouds of Winter o'er my soul.
BENEDICT.

[From the World.]

THE ADIEU AND RECALL TO LOVE.

Go, idle Boy! I quit thy pow'r,
Thy couch of many a thorn, and flow'r;
Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,
Deceitful beauty's timid mien;
The feign'd surprise, the roguish leer,
The tender smile, the thrilling tear;
Have now no pangs, no joys for me,
So fare the well, for I am free!
Then flutter hence on wanton wing,
Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,
Or take thy bev'rage from the rose,
Or on Louisa's breast repose:
I wish thee well for pleasures past,
Yet bless the hour, I'm free at last.

But sure, methinks, the alter'd day
Scatters around a mournful ray;
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,
And ev'ry stream untuneful flows;
No rapture swells the linnet's voice,
No more the vocal groves rejoice;

And e'en thy song, sweet bird of eve!
 With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,
 Now scarce regarded meets my ear,
 Unanswer'd by a sigh or tear.
 No more with devious step I choose
 To brush the mountain's morning dews;
 "To drink the spirit of the breeze,"
 Or wander midst o'er-arching trees;
 Or woo with undisturb'd delight,
 The pale-cheek'd virgin of the night,
 That piercing thro' the leafy bow'r,
 Throws on the ground a silv'ry show'r.
 Alas! is all this boasted ease,
 To lose each warm desire to please,
 No sweet solicitude to know
 For others' bliss, for others' woe,
 A frozen apathy to find,
 A sad vacuity of mind?
 O hasten back, then, heav'nly boy,
 And with thine anguish bring thy joy!
 Return with all thy torments here,
 And let me hope, and doubt, and fear.
 O rend my heart with ev'ry pain!
 But let me, let me love again.

DELLA CRUSCA.

SONG OF AN INDIAN MOTHER.

Soft in thy earthly cradle sleep—
 Fast falling tears thy bosom steep,
 Yet why, my first-born, should I weep,
 That thou art gone?

The little bird when fledged and grown,
 Far from it's fostering parent flown,
 Must seek a sustenance alone,
 And many a thorn.

And many a seed of bitter taste
 Are in the shady forest placed,
 And smiling fruits upon the waste
 Fell poison hide.

Why do the drops that dew thee flow?
 At least, thou never now canst know,
 Of treacherous man the wiles and woe,
 And wounded pride.

The spring's young bud that blighted lay,
 Ere yet the brightening beams of day,
 Unlock'd their perfumes, pass away,
 Like thee, my son.

Ah, happy in a doom like this!
 While yet thou knowest but the bliss
 Of a fond mother's smile and kiss,
 Forever gone.

[B. Intel.]

ANECDOTE.

As two gentlemen were skating together on the
 Serpentine during a sharp wintry morning, one of
 them remarkable for a very long nose, complain-

ed bitterly of the cold, and exclaimed in agony,
 'that he thought the end of his nose was frozen
 off.' 'No,' said his companion, 'I hope not; your
 nose was quite long enough before, but, if this be
 the case, it is now *endless*.'

O STILL REMEMBER ME!

A NEW SONG,

BY H. C. LEWIS;

The Music extracted from Mr. Philipps's beau-
 tiful ballad,

ENTITLED

"THE BLOOMING ROSE AT EARLY MORN."

Just Published, and for sale (price 12½ cts.) at
 No. 272 Market-street, between 8th and 9th streets,
 and at No. 164 South Eleventh-St. between Lo-
 cust and Spruce-Streets. A great deduction made
 to purchasers who buy a quantity to sell again.

A GOOD SITUATION FOR A BOY.

A smart, active lad, about 12 or 13 years old, of
 respectable connexions, is wanted at *this office*, No.
 272 *Market-St.* to perform the out-door business
 of the establishment, and such other concerns as
 may be entrusted to his care and honesty. He
 must be able to write a swift legible hand, and
 understand common arithmetic—and have a
 thorough knowledge of the city, with a decent
 address and good behaviour. A yearly salary,
 equal to his services, will be allowed; or if pre-
 ferred, he will be taken as an apprentice to the
 Printing and Music business.

THE WEEKLY
 LITERARY & MUSICAL
 MAGAZINE.

This paper contains 8 quarto pages, printed every
 Monday. A part, not exceeding 2 pages, is always de-
 voted to Music, and the remainder to useful and en-
 tertaining LITERATURE.

TERMS, One dollar per quarter, in advance.

Orders from distant parts, addressed to H.
 C. Lewis, 272 Market-st. enclosing the amount of sub-
 scription, (POST-PAID,) attended to immediately.

Philadelphia, Pa., April, 1819.

PRINTERS who publish the above, 3 times e-
 very quarter, shall receive the work as *paid for*,
 instead of *exchange*.

H. C. LEWIS.

And e'en thy song, sweet bird of eve!
 With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,
 Now scarce regarded meets my ear,
 Unanswer'd by a sigh or tear.
 No more with devious step I choose
 To brush the mountain's morning dew;
 "To drink the spirit of the breeze,"
 Or wander midst o'er-arching trees;
 Or woo with undisturb'd delight,
 The pale-cheek'd virgin of the night,
 That piercing thro' the leafy bow'r,
 Throws on the ground a silv'ry show'r.
 Alas! is all this boasted ease,
 To lose each warm desire to please,
 No sweet solicitude to know
 For others' bliss, for others' woe,
 A frozen apathy to find,
 A sad vacuity of mind?
 O hasten back, then, heav'nly boy,
 And with thine anguish bring thy joy!
 Return with all thy torments here,
 And let me hope, and doubt, and fear.
 O rend my heart with ev'ry pain!
 But let me, let me love again.

DELLA CRUSCA.

SONG OF AN INDIAN MOTHER.

Soft in thy earthly cradle sleep—
 Fast falling tears thy bosom steep,
 Yet why, my first-born, should I weep,
 That thou art gone?

The little bird when fledged and grown,
 Far from it's fostering parent flown,
 Must seek a sustenance alone,
 And many a thorn.

And many a seed of bitter taste
 Are in the shady forest placed,
 And smiling fruits upon the waste
 Fell poison hide.

Why do the drops that dew thee flow?
 At least, thou never now canst know,
 Of treacherous man the wiles and woe,
 And wounded pride.

The spring's young bud that blighted lay,
 Ere yet the brightening beams of day,
 Unlock'd their perfumes, pass away,
 Like thee, my son.

Ah, happy in a doom like this!
 While yet thou knowest but the bliss
 Of a fond mother's smile and kiss,
 Forever gone. {B. Intel.

ANECDOTE.

As two gentlemen were skating together on the
 Serpentine during a sharp wintry morning, one of
 them remarkable for a very long nose, complain-

ed bitterly of the cold, and exclaimed in agony,
 'that he thought the end of his nose was frozen
 off.' 'No,' said his companion, 'I hope not; your
 nose was quite long enough before, but, if this be
 the case, it is now endless.'

O STILL REMEMBER ME!

A NEW SONG,

BY H. C. LEWIS;

The Music extracted from Mr. Philipps's beau-
 tiful ballad,

ENTITLED

"THE BLOOMING ROSE AT EARLY MORN."

Just Published, and for sale (price 12½ cts.) at
 No. 272 Market-street, between 8th and 9th streets,
 and at No. 164 South Eleventh-St. between Lo-
 cust and Spruce-Streets. A great deduction made
 to purchasers who buy a quantity to sell again.

A GOOD SITUATION FOR A BOY.

A smart, active lad, about 12 or 13 years old, of
 respectable connexions, is wanted at *this office*, No.
 272 Market-St. to perform the out-door business
 of the establishment, and such other concerns as
 may be entrusted to his care and honesty. He
 must be able to write a swift legible hand, and
 understand common arithmetic—and have a
 thorough knowledge of the city, with a decent
 address and good behaviour. A yearly salary,
 equal to his services, will be allowed; or if pre-
 ferred, he will be taken as an apprentice to the
 Printing and Music business.

THE WEEKLY
 LITERARY & MUSICAL
 MAGAZINE.

This paper contains 8 quarto pages, printed every
 Monday. A part, not exceeding 2 pages, is always de-
 voted to Music, and the remainder to useful and en-
 tertaining LITERATURE.

TERMS, One dollar per quarter, in advance.

Orders from distant parts, addressed to H.
 C. Lewis, 272 Market-st. enclosing the amount of sub-
 scription, (POST-PAID,) attended to immediately.
 Philadelphia, Pa., April, 1819.

PRINTERS who publish the above, 3 times e-
 very quarter, shall receive the work as paid for,
 instead of exchange. H. C. LEWIS.